

THE
FIRST FIFTEEN
PSALMS
OF
DAVID,

Translated into *LYRIC* Verse:

Propos'd as an ESSAY, supplying the *Perspicuity* and *Coherence* according to the *Modern Art* of *Poetry*; not known to have been attempted before in any Language.

With a Preface containing some Observations of the great and general *Defectiveness* of former Versions in *Greek*, *Latin*, and *English*.

By Dr. GIBBS.

L O N D O N:

Printed by J. Matthews, for John Hartley, over-against
Gray's-Inn, in Holborn. M DCC I.



TO HER
Royal Highness
THE
PRINCESS.

Madam !

THAT I had lately the Honour to Kiss
Your ROYAL HIGHNESS's
Hand, upon a very Mournful Occasion, could not
have been presum'd a sufficient Encouragement for
Me to address my Second Performance to Your
ROYAL HIGHNESS, had not This been
a Part of That, and my present Design a further
Prosecution of my first Attempt :

A 2

For

The Epistle Dedicatory.

For if That Art, which is particularly adapted to move the Passions has any Power to allay and restrain their Motion, It must certainly become more efficacious when Religiously apply'd, and where Piety co-operates; and this Consideration has induc'd Me, after Consolation, humbly to offer Your ROYAL HIGHNESS some further means of a Divine Remedy.

Nor can I despair of being in some degree assistant to Your ROYAL HIGHNESS in Your Heavenly Diversions, when I consider that the PSALMS of DAVID, tho Excellent Poems in the Original, but written in a Style disadvantageously different from that of these Nations; being with great Care and Exactness reconcil'd to the Modern Way of Writing, their Excellence may appear more Admirable and Delightful: This in the following Essay I have attempted, and if I have happily attain'd to any degree of Success, I shall have satisfy'd my Ambition of Seasonably offering Your ROYAL HIGHNESS an Acceptable Present.

The

The Epistle Dedicatory.

The whole Nation is sadly sensible, that as yet our chiefest Hopes not only depend upon, but also terminate in Your ROYAL HIGHNESS: And This Consideration may excite All, that have any reasonable Hopes or Prospect of being any way serviceable to Your ROYAL HIGHNESS, at least to attempt it; for did not Your ROYAL HIGHNESS's Illustrious Vertues more immediately attract their Affection, the very Love of their Country would animate their Endeavours.

I must confess, if the Diseases of the Mind were such as would heal of themselves, it would be both a needless and an unkind Attempt to offer any thing that might disturb the gentle Operation of that Natural Principle: But since 'tis impossible to prevent the frequent Irruption of some unwholesome Thoughts, which always break up the Wound, and make it bleed afresh, it wou'd be but an Uncharitable Tendernefs to refuse to fortifie the Parts that are so much expos'd to Injury.

And if Your ROYAL HIGHNESS thinks fit to cast an Eye on this small Essay, besides

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sides the Pious Diversion, if it affords any ; It may be some Alleviation of Your ROYAL HIGHNESS's late Affliction to observe the Royal Prophet's Parallel Circumstances in all respects ; for tho' He was One after GOD's own Heart, and no less belov'd on Earth for His Princely Vertues, yet by his frequent Psalms of Complaint we find Him a Man of Sorrows, and acquainted with Grief: And it may be a further satisfaction to Your ROYAL HIGHNESS to take Notice that there are Few of those Divine Songs, that have so Mournful a Beginning, but what the Psalmist concludes with some eminent Instance or certain Hopes of Joy and Exultation.

I confess, I have made but a small Progress in the Performance, which I humbly present to Your ROYAL HIGHNESS, knowing that 'tis so great a Presumption to endeavour thus to justify the Holy Psalmist from the Unhappy Reflection of so many Learned Translators as have gone before Me, that the Attempt it self may stand in more need of a Vindication : And being also sensible

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fible that 'tis next to impossible to obviate the severe Objections of Profess'd Critics, I have no way left but to shelter this Undertaking under the Patronage of some Great Person; and since Things of little Worth may become more valuable by a Dedication to sacred Uses, I doubt not but the very Sight of Your ROYAL HIGHNESS's Name will beget so profound a Respect in all Good Men at least, as may encline them to favour a Performance, that bears so Great an Inscription: And This Advantage I humbly beg Your ROYAL HIGHNESS, upon the Account of the Sacred Subject, to afford

Your ROYAL HIGHNESS's

Most Humble, most Obedient

and most unworthy Servant,

James Gibbs.

The Epistle Dedicatoria

All that have seen this Epistle Dedicatoria

Objection of Printed Copies I have no reply

but to desire the Understanding of the Reader

that of this Epistle I have no reply

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T H E

P R E F A C E.

OF all P O E M S, those in an *obscure Style* are most liable to suffer by such Translations as come short of the *Perfection* of the *Original*: And it is much to be fear'd, That this Injury to the *Incomparable Works* of the *Royal Prophet* has been so often repeated, as to create a *general suspicion* of their *Excellence*: Nor is this Prejudice the only Disadvantage to a more *correct Performance*; since th' Unsuccessfulness of so many *different Versions* has made the World *unapt* to expect, and the Confusion in some degree *unfit* for receiving a *Good Translation*.

After these Considerations, It may be no easie Matter to vindicate my own appearing in so Bold an Undertaking: However, I shall endeavour it, by representing the *Motives* that inclin'd me to attempt, and the *Encouragements* to publish the following E S S A Y.

And first of all, Having observ'd some great and general *Defects* even in the most celebrated Translations of the P S A L M S in *Greek, Latin, and English Verse*, which I thought might possibly be supply'd; and further considering, that the first Step towards the Cure is to know the Disease, tho' I were conscious of my own Insufficiency in all respects, but more especially unfit for so *Foreign a Constitution*, the foresaid *Maxim* induc'd me to make a private Experiment; and tho' I miss the small success, which by this *Publication*, it may be presum'd, I had some Reason to hope for; yet my *Design* may at least deserve a *favourable Construction*, by stating the Case to Those that are more Skilfull to perform.

And since it most nearly concerns us, let us first examin the P S A L M S, as they are represented in *English Metre*, and particularly the *Old* and *New Translations*, commonly us'd in Churches; and These of all the Number, I presume, may suffice, since I have met with None but what,

a

tho

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tho eminently *preferable* to the *Former*, are in some degree *Inferiour* to the *latter*.

The Old P S A L M S, by *Hopkins*, *Sternhold*, &c. have been so long and so well known, that I need say no more than This; 'Tis very wonderful that, to the great *disbonour* of our *Religion*, and even a *Proverbial Scandal* of our Nation, they should be so long tolerated in *Sacred Use*.

I know, it may be answered, that for several Reasons 'tis very improper to reject the Old P S A L M S, till there is a *New Version* ready and *fit* to supply their Place. But to this I should reply, that since the *Church* in general, as far as I can apprehend, seems inclinable to *receive*, or rather earnestly to *wish for* an elaborate Translation; If there were any *certain Encouragement* for so Good and Difficult an Undertaking, there is no doubt, but that several Lovers of Divine Poetry would attempt, and some produce a correct Performance: But I must return to my proper Business, and here all that I find necessary to add concerning this antiquated *Collection* of the P S A L M S into *English Metre* is, that besides abundance of other Gross and Scandalous Faults peculiar to it, whatever I have to object against other Versions may in a more eminent degree be charged against *This* also.

Let us now proceed to the *New Version*, and in This 'twas certainly a very unhappy oversight of the Authors to render the *greatest Part* of the P S A L M S in a sort of Verse as much antiquated and exploded as the Translation they oppos'd, if it may be properly called *Verse*, for some Lines terminating with a *Rhime*, and others without, is such a Discord as is not allow'd in the *Modern Art of Poetry*: And tho *Blank Verse* might be confess'd necessary in *Tragedy*, if That were now of any Use, and the happy success of One great Author has inclin'd some Men to esteem it also in the *Epic*, 'tis yet as hard to find Approbation as Precedent for it in the *Lyric Poem*. Yet thus the New Translators have in too great a degree transcribed one of the most Comprehensive Defects of *Hopkins* and *Sternhold*. And besides This, a great and frequent *Deficiency*, both in the *Sense* and *Expression*, is particularly chargeable against Them. Other Defects being common to This and all other Translations and Paraphrases in Verse, which I have hitherto met with, it may not be amiss to include them all under the same Consideration.

And having thus undertaken to prove, that the Translations and Paraphrases of the P S A L M S in *Greek*, *Latin*, and *English Verse* hitherto extant, are generally defective, since I cannot affirm it *Universally*,
there

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there being some *Versions* which I have not yet seen, It becomes necessary to mention Those, which our Reflections may particularly concern, *viz.* That which bears the Name of *Apolinaris* Bishop of *Laodicea*, made above a thousand Years ago, and Another by Dr. *Duport* in *Greek*: In *Latin*, Those of *Buchanan*, *Beza* and *Eobanus Hessus*: And some of the best Reputation by Dr. *Ford*, Dr. *Patrick*, Mr. *Milbourn*, and several others, besides those above mention'd, in *English*.

And first of all, a *Disadvantageous Paraphrase*, chiefly us'd, I presume, for the convenience of the Verse, is frequently observable, and in different Degrees, may justly be charg'd against Them all.

Another of their Failures is That of not rendring the *Sense* and *Design* of the Psalm *Coherent*, according to the more *Modern Art* of *Poetry*; This, I confess, having been hitherto a *hidden Excellence* in the P S A L M S, and by the silence of all Authors and Commentators, commonly suppos'd *incompatible* with those Divine Poems, it can't be imputed to Them as a *Neglect*; but that It is a *Deficiency* in their Performances, and that such a *Coherence* is plainly design'd, tho' not express'd, will, I hope, become in some measure apparent by being supply'd in the following E S S A Y.

But this Defect of Theirs has necessarily occasion'd Another, which is *Want of Perspicuity*; for how can That be *clear*, which is Incoherent! And thus also Another Miscarriage has been the consequent of This, for by this means they have commonly mis'd the right Interpretation of Obscure and Difficult Passages, for want of the *Rule* to try them, which must certainly be This, *viz.* That *Acceptation which is most advantageous to the Sense of the Psalm*, and serves to render it *clear and coherent*, is in all probability according to the Design of the Holy Psalmist, and consequently to be prefer'd and made use of.

These Remarks I doubt not but the *Judicious Reader*, upon examination, will find to be just and true: Which including some of the latest Translators, makes it highly probable that the same Defects are to be found in all *other Versions*; for if any Author had but endeavour'd to supply them, it would have been so *visibly advantageous* to his Performance, that without doubt who ever came after him would have followed the same Rule.

I have no Time nor Occasion to take Notice of the Failings *peculiar* to Each, or Any of those Translations above mentioned; yet I may here observe that *Buchanan*, whose Paraphrase, I think, is justly esteem'd preferable

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ferable to all Others in any Language, has yet some great Deficiencies, besides Those before imputed to him, *viz.* inserting *Paraphrastical Additions*, neither necessary nor absolutely pertinent to the Text; Besides, tho' his Genius be *Easie* and *Natural*, he generally comes extremely short of that *Loftiness*, which is frequently and wonderfully observable in the Original.

The *Rules* and *Methods* to be observ'd in a *Just* and *Strict* Version, deducible from what has been premis'd, I have carefully follow'd in those Few I have endeavour'd to translate; which having been *Encourag'd* by several of the Right Reverend the Lords B I S H O P S, and Others, (whose Names, had I leave to mention them, would too highly advance the Credit of my weak Performance) having also been *Corrected* by their Order, and afterwards greatly *improv'd*, I thought myself oblig'd to publish; but more especially for want of a better Opportunity of expressing my *Gratitude* for being Favour'd by so Good and Great a P R I N C E S S, as it stands inscrib'd to.

If I had any Prospect of serving the C H U R C H, I shou'd have us'd my *utmost* Industry and Application, and by That, together with the Advantage of a strict Examination, and the Assistance of the most *Skilfull* and *Judicious*, which I am very certain of obtaining, if I find *Encouragement to proceed*; I say, by those Means, I doubt not but, the following E S S A Y might have been brought to a much greater Perfection, than at present it may seem to admit.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

A Consolatory Poem humbly address'd to Her ROYAL HIGHNESS, upon the much lamented Death of His most Illustrious HIGHNESS, WILLIAM DUKE of Gloucester; By Dr. GIBBS. Printed for John Hartley, over-against Gray's Inn, Holborn.

THE
FIRST FIFTEEN
PSALMS,
Translated into English Verse.

I.

PSALM of DAVID.

*Comparing the Different State of the Righteous and
the Wicked, both in This and the next World.*

THrice Happy He! that does refuse
With impious Sinners to combine;
Who ne'er their wicked *Way* pursues,
And does the *Scorner's Seat* decline:

But still to learn, and to obey
The Law of *GOD* is his Delight;
In That employs Himself all Day,
And reads and thinks thereon at Night.
B For

For as a Tree, whose spreading Root
 By some prolific Stream is fed,
 Produces fair and timely Fruit,
 And num'rous Boughs adorn its Head:

Whose very Leaves, tho' Storms descend,
 In lively Verdure still appear;
 Such Blessings always shall attend
 The Man that does the *LORD* revere.

But O, how diff'rent shall it be
 With those that for their Sins are curst!
 Whom soon confounded we shall see,
 Like Chaff with ev'ry Wind disperst:

And how, alas! shall they appear,
 Before the Judge enthron'd on high,
 Oppress'd with Horrou and Despair,
 While Good Men enter into Joy!

For still the *LORD* from Heav'n looks down,
 And sees what Good and Bad Men do;
 That Those He with Rewards may crown,
 And These to Punishment may go.

PSALM

II.

P S A L M of *DAVID*.*Triumphantly Prophetical of CHRIST'S Kingdom.*

WHy do the Heathen Nations rise,
 And in mad Tumults join !
 Confed'rate Kings vain Plots devise
 Against th' Almighty's Reign :

His Royal Title they deny,
 Whom *GOD* appointed *CHRIST* ;
 Let us reject their Laws, they cry,
 Their binding Force resist.

But He, that sits in Heav'n above,
 Their Weakness shall deride ;
 His Word their Malice shall reprove,
 His Pow'r correct their Pride :

And thus He to the World will own ;
 I have the King ordain'd,
 On *Sion's* Holy Mount his Throne
 In Sacred Strength shall stand :

And thus to Him was pleas'd to say,
 As I his Words declare ;
 Thou art my Son, I have this Day
 Begotten Thee my Heir :

Desire of me, and I'll submit
 The Nations to thy Sway ;
 The distant Nations shall unite,
 And thy Commands obey :

But Those, that do thy Laws refuse,
 In Pieces thou shalt break ;
 And with an Iron Scepter bruise
 Their disobedient Neck.

Ye Earthly Kings, the Caution hear ;
 Ye Rulers, Learn the same ;
 Serve *G O D* with Rev'rence, and with Fear
 His joyful Praise proclaim ;

Confess the *SON*, and own his Reign,
 E're He to Wrath inclines ;
 And, so resenting your Disdain,
 Confounds your vain Designs :

For

(5)

For shou'd the Madnefs of his Foes
Th'Avengeing *GOD* incense,
Happy are They that can repose
In Him their Confidence.

PSALM

III.

P S A L M of *DAVID*.*When he fled from his Son* ABSALOM.

L *ORD*, how my Potent Enemies
 With Fierce United Forces rise !
 And thus of Me insulting cry ;
 In vain he does on *GOD* rely.

But I in Thee alone confide,
 Who for my Safety dost provide ;
 And, tho' a num'rous Host oppose,
 Exaltest me above my Foes.

When to the *LORD* for Help I cry,
 He hears me from the Throne on High ;
 And thus I sleep and wake secure,
 Guarded by His Almighty Pow'r.

No Fears shall then my Soul depress,
 Tho' thus my Enemies encrease ;
 And therefore now Arise, O *LORD*,
 And graciously thy Help afford:

For

(7)

For, by thy mighty Hand dismay'd,
My Foes have in Confusion fled ;
In vain th' Ungodly did engage,
For thou didst soon correct their Rage.

And thus to grant a sure Defence,
Belongs to *GOD*'s Omnipotence ;
And He such Favours will extend
To those that on his Pow'r depend.

PSALM

IV.

P S A L M of *DAVID*.*Reproving and Admonishing his Enemies.*

Vouchsafe, O *LORD*, to hear my Pray'r,
 Who dost my Ways approve ;
 As thou hast always taken Care
 My Suff'rings to remove.

But You, my Frail Malicious Foes,
 Who do my Pow'r despise ;
 Vainly how long will ye oppose,
 And falsely Calumnize !

Since those alone the *LORD* has blest,
 That do from Sin refrain ;
 He therefore grants what I request,
 And hears when I complain :

Then fear the *LORD*, and wisely cease
 In Sin thus to engage ;
 Consult with your own Consciences,
 And check your impious Rage :

The

The place of Sacrifice supply
 With Acts of Righteousness,
 And then you may on *GOD* rely
 In all things for Success.

Too many, *LORD*, there are that do
 Distrust thy Providence,
 But of thy Face to us do Thou
 The Favour still dispense ;

Then shall my Soul with more divine
 And solid Joys abound,
 Than they with stores of Corn and Wine,
 Those Earthly Riches, crown'd :

And thus confiding, *LORD*, in Thee
 I take my calm Repose ;
 For Thou each Night protectest me
 From all my Treach'rous Foes.

V,

PSALM of DAVID:

*Trusting in GOD, he implores Protection from
his Enemies.*

O LORD, receive my fervent Pray'r,
Relieve my Soul oppress'd with Care,
And hear my loud Complaint;
On Thee alone I can rely,
Do thou, my GOD, to whom I fly,
My sad Petition grant:

For with the rising Sun my Voice
To Thee I raise with early Cries,
And humbly Help expect;
For still the LORD his Aid denies
To such as are my Enemies,
And does their Cause reject:

They on thy Favour can't rely,
That practise such Iniquity,
For thou wilt punish Those

That

That do malicious Lies invent,
 And would to Death the Innocent
 By treach'rous Means expose.

But I will still thy Praise display,
 Within thy Courts my homage pay,
 And thus address my Pray'r;
LORD, in thy Laws direct my Ways,
 Since those my watchful Foe surveys,
 And make me persevere:

Whatever Kindness some profess,
 Their Hearts are full of Wickedness,
 They flatter to destroy:
 But let, *O LORD*, the Vengeance due
 Those in their horrid Crimes pursue,
 Who do thy Pow'r defie:

That they, who do on Thee rely,
 May in Thy Praise confess their Joy,
 That Thou dost them defend:
 For to the Righteous Thou, *O LORD*,
 Thy Gracious Favour dost afford,
 And still thy Help extend.

PSAL.

VI,

PSALM of *DAVID*:

Penitentially complaining of his Sufferings.

TH Y heavy Hand restrain,
With Mercy, *LORD*, correct;
Do not, as if in high Disdain,
My helpless Soul reject:

For how shall I sustain
Those Ills, which now I bear!
My Vitals are consum'd with Pain,
My Soul oppress'd with Care:

But Oh, how long, O *LORD*,
Must I thy Absence mourn!
To me some respite soon afford,
With Mercy, *LORD*, return;

For in the silent Grave,
When there I lie obscure,
No gracious Favours I can have,
Nor magnifie thy Pow'r:

LORD, I have pray'd in vain
 So long, so much oppress'd ;
 My very Cries encrease my Pain,
 And Tears prevent my Rest ;

These do my Sight impair,
 My flowing Eyes decay,
 While to my Enemies I fear
 Thus to become a Prey.

But, Ye vain Forces! fly,
 For *GOD*, whom I adore,
 My impious Foes does still destroy,
 When I His Aid implore.

As They have ne'er prevail'd,
 Let These that now conspire,
 O *LORD*, by thy fierce Hand repell'd,
 With suddain Shame retire.

VII,

PSALM of *DAVID*:

*When unjustly persecuted, and accus'd of Treachery
against King SAUL.*

O LORD my GOD, since I repose
My Trust in Thee alone,
Save and defend me from my Foes,
That furiously come on :

Lest, like a Rav'nous Lion, they
My captive Soul devour,
While there is none to rescue me
From their destructive Pow'r :

If I am Guilty of the Fault,
Which to my Charge they lay,
Or e'er had one perfidious Thought,
The Guiltless to betray ;

If I've not spar'd him tho' he's grown
My Causeless Enemy,
Then let my Life, and future Crown
Become to Him a Prey :

But

But, *LORD*, thy kind Assistance lend,
 Arise in my Defence ;
 According to thy Laws, contend
 For injur'd Innocence :

That all the Nations, that oppose,
 May then confess thy Pow'r :
 Therefore assert my Righteous Cause,
 That they may Thee adore :

For equal Judgment, *LORD*, to Thee
 The Nations all submit ;
 Be therefore Merciful to Me,
 And my just Soul acquit :

Destroy the Wicked in their Plots,
 The Just with Blessings crown :
 For all the Ways and secret Thoughts
 Of Both to Thee are known.

Thus by *GOD*'s Gracious Providence
 I'm still preserv'd secure,
 Who all the Good and Just defends
 With a resistless Pow'r.

All

All Men he does with Justice view,
And their Iniquity
With direful Vengeance can pursue,
Or patiently pass by :

If Obstinate, they move his Wrath,
The Fatal Sword's prepar'd,
The dreadful Instruments of Death
Shall all their Crimes reward :

For He th' Artillery directs,
The suddain Charge ordains,
And at their impious Head projects
The swift and piercing Flames :

Lo! Now th' Inflictions they design'd
By others to be born,
Ev'n all the Mischiefs in their Mind
Do on themselves return :

By their own Treachery betray'd
To the same Ills, that they
Invented, and with those essay'd
To make the Poor their Prey :

O LORD,

(17)

O *LORD*, how Glorious are the Ways
Of thy good Providence !
Thou, *LORD*, whose blessed Name I praise,
True Justice dost dispense.

D

PSALM

VIII,

PSALM of DAVID:

Praising the Majesty of GOD and his condescending Goodness to Man.

O LORD, who sit'st in Pow'r on high,
What Beams of boundless Majesty
Thy Works o're all the World display !
The Mighty Pow'rs, that celebrate
Thy Endless Praises, can't relate
The Glory they in Heav'n survey:

Young helpless Infants at the Breast
Their great Creator have confest,
And in their Weakness spoke thy Pow'r,
That thou might'st thus convince thy Foes
Who 'twas they vainly did oppose,
That they might persecute no more.

When I behold the Heav'ns above,
Where shining Orbs in Order move,
By Wisdom of th' Eternal Mind ;

LORD,

LORD, what is wretched Man, I cry,
Or all his sinful Progeny,
That thou to Them dost prove so kind!

To Honour Thou dost Them prefer,
To Angels scarce inferiour,
They over all Thy Works command :
The Flocks and Herds o're ev'ry field
To their just Lords obedience yield,
And all in full Subjection stand :

O're all the Birds, that mount the Air,
And Fish, that in the Floods appear,
Man bears an arbitrary Sway :
O *LORD*, who sit'st in Pow'r on high,
What Beams of boundless Majesty
Thy Works o're all the World display!

IX,

PSALM of *DAVID*:

*Triumphing over his Enemies, and their Champion
the Giant Goliath.*

LORD, with united Heart and Voice
I will thy Praise proclaim,
And with a grateful Song rejoyce
To spread thy Glorious Fame ::

Confounded at the Sight of Thee
My Foes are put to flight ;
Thus Thou, Great *GOD* of Equity,
Dost still assert my Right.

The Heathen we no longer dread,
Their impious Champion's gone,
They and their very Names are dead,
They're both become unknown.

Insulting Foes, how long can ye
Of ruin'd Cities boast !
Your Plundrings now as well as They
Are in Oblivion lost :

But

But *GOD* Eternally remains
Fixt in his Throne on high,
And to the World from thence ordains
Impartial Equity :

And still the Helpless will defend
From fierce Oppressor's Pow'r,
And for their injur'd Souls extend
A Refuge most secure.

They, *LORD*, who This thy Goodness know,
Shall in thy Pow'r confide,
Since for thy Faithful Servants Thou
Dost timely Help provide.

Then of the *GOD* of *Israel*
The Glorious Acts proclaim!
And to the wondring Nations tell
His Everlasting Fame!.

For thus when He for Wicked Men
Prepares their Punishment,
He hears the injur'd Poor, and then
Does all their Cries resent.

And

And thus consider still, O *LORD*,
 The Justice of my Cause ;
 Who often hast my Life restor'd
 From Deaths devouring Jaws:

That I in *Sion* may extol
 Thy Great and Glorious Name,
 And of the Saviour of my Soul
 The Goodness still proclaim.

The Heathen Nations are dismay'd
 They 're all to ruin brought,
 For in the treach'rous Nets, they lay'd,
 Ev'n They themselves are caught :

Lo, thus the *LORD* to execute
 True Judgment still enclines ;
 That Wicked Men may taste the fruit
 Of their own ill Designs :

This is of Those the dang'rous state,
 Who thus forget the *LORD*:
 To Rest the Humble shall not wait
 In vain to be restor'd :

And

And thus, O *LORD*, exert thy Pow'r,
Left Mortal Force prevail ;
That Those that will not Thee adore
Thy Judgments may assail :

And thus, Almighty *LORD*, do thou
Their impious Pride restrain ;
That they with humble Fear may know
That all their Strength is vain.

X,

PSALM of *DAVID*:

*Describing the Malice and Pride of his Enemies,
He implores GOD's protection from Them.*

LORD, why in Times of deep distress
Dost Thou from us retire,
When dismal Woes our Souls oppress,
And thy kind Aid require!

The Wicked do with lawless Pride
The Helpless persecute;
But let them be themselves destroy'd,
And fall in their pursuit:

For still They triumph, when success
Does their Designs attend,
And then their Ways, who thus oppress,
Profanely they commend:

And thus so Insolent they grow,
That *GOD* they never fear,
They no Almighty Being know,
No Pow'r Divine revere:

And

And from the Barb'rous Paths, they tread,
 No Acts of Providence
 Can e're oblige them to recede,
 Or stop their bold Offence ;

But thus the Good and Just they hate,
 And all their Foes defie,
 Presuming they possess a State
 Of full Security :

Their Mouths are full of Vanity,
 Of Curses and Deceit,
 And for the Poor in secret they
 Do treach'rously lay wait :

As hungry Lions do their prey
 Observe with watchful Eyes,
 So heedless Innocents would they
 With suddain Force surprize ;

And then, like Lions merciless,
 Their trembling Souls devour ;
 And thus the Helpless do oppress
 When Captives to their Pow'r ;

E

For

For This, Humility they feign,
 And specious Meekness shew,
 That unsuspected their Design
 They freely may pursue:

They think that *GOD*, if God there be,
 Does not their Sins perceive,
 Or if he does their Actions see,
 Will all their Crimes forgive:

But now, O *LORD*, exert thy Pow'r
 The Helpless to redeem,
 That so their impious Foes no more
 May thus thy Name Blaspheme:

For thou, O *LORD*, their Crimes dost view,
 And know'st their wicked Hearts,
 That Thou the dreadful Vengeance due
 May'st give to their deserts:

The Helpless, *LORD*, on Thee depend,
 Do Thou their Cause maintain,
 Against their Foes thy Pow'r extend
 Till none of Them remain:

For

For always Thou, Eternal *LORD*,
The Heathen hast dismay'd ;
Inspir'd by Thee the Poor implor'd,
And have obtain'd thy Aid:

And thus thou dost the Meek defend,
And all their Wrongs redress,
That their proud Foes, by Thee restrain'd,
No longer may oppress.

XI,

PSALM of DAVID:

Trusting in GOD's just Providence for Deliverance from his Enemies.

ON GOD securely I rely,
 Why then this vain Advice, that I,
 Like tim'rous Birds, my Foes should shun!
 I fear not tho' they now come on,
 Tho' all the threatning Force of War
 Against the Guiltless they prepare;
 For if the Pow'r, in which they trust,
 Should fail, how helpless are the Just!
 But still the GOD of Equity
 Resides in Heav'n; and thence his Eye
 Does all the Thoughts of Men explore,
 And strictly views their Actions o're;
 The Just with Favour he surveys,
 He sees and hates th' Oppressor's Ways,
 And on their impious Heads will pour
 Of Snares and Flames a dismal show'r;
 And This their bitter Cup must be
 To drink to all Eternity:
 But still the GOD of Righteousness
 The Just will with his Favour bless.

PSAL.

XII,

PSALM of *DAVID*:

He implores GOD's Assistance and confides in his Promises.

O LORD, some Help for me provide,
For in but Few I can confide,
All Men are so perfidious grown;
True mutual Kindness they pretend,
But still betray their helpless Friend,
And still his doubtful Cause disown.

But *GOD* those Flatt'ers will confound,
That with abusive Lyes abound,
And proudly boast their vicious Ways,
That say, with our deceitful Tongues
We'll do the most licentious Wrongs,
And thus our own Condition raise:

For *GOD* hath said; I'll give Repose
To all th' Afflicted, from their Foes
I will their injur'd Souls relieve:

And.

And since he thus was pleas'd to say,
Like Gold refin'd from base Allay,
His Promise never can deceive ;

And therefore will their Cause assert,
Who thus are pure and true of Heart,
And save them from the Enemy ;
For, when th' Ungodly meet success,
The Wicked more and more increase,
And proudly all their Foes despise.

XIII,

PSALM of DAVID:

He implores and relies upon GOD's Assistance.

HOW long wilt thou Neglect,
O LORD, to hear me pray!
How long my sad Complaint reject,
And turn thy Face away!

How long shall thoughtful Care
Distract my doubtful Breast!
How long must I these Troubles bear,
And be by Foes oppress!

Attend, and hear my Cries,
Some Comfort now disclose,
E're grief has shut my weeping Eyes
In Death's obscure Repose:

Lest my Proud Enemy,
If now my Trust should fail,
And Those that persecute me cry;
See, thus we still prevail:

But:

(32).

But I on Thee rely,
And in thy Aid rejoyce ;
And still to Thee, My GOD, will I
Address my Thankful Voice.

P S A L M

XIV,

PSALM of *DAVID*:

He reflects on the Universal Depravity of his Enemies, and trusts in GOD for Deliverance from Them.

PRoud Fools are hard'ned in their Sins,
No God they fear or know;
Hence Vertue in the World declines,
And all Men Vicious grow.

Th' Almighty Lord from Heav'n lookt down
Their Actions to explore,
And see who would His Being own,
And Him, as *GOD*, adore:

But They were All perverted grown,
Polluted All with Blood,
And other impious Crimes; not One
Was either Just or Good.

Are They so stupid then, said *GOD*,
Who thus my Saints devour!
These Crimes have they not understood,
Nor thought upon my Pow'r!

F

But

But strait They tremble when the *LORD*
Does for the Just appear,
Whose Ways they vainly have abhorr'd,
But *GOD* of Them takes care.

O, that His Aid we now might have
From *Sions* holy Hill,
That *GOD* the Captive Just would save,
And glad All *Israel*.

XV,

P S A L M of *DAVID*:*Representing the Character of a Good Man.*

LORD, who shall be Thy Favourite!
 Whom will thy Holy Courts admit!
 All Men of strict Integrity,
 Sincere, and Just, who never lye;
 And so their Neighbour ne're deceive,
 Molest, nor to defame Him strive:
 Who hate the Impious, and their Ways,
 But do the Just esteem and praise:
 Who to their Word have always stood,
 Faithful, and resolutely Good:
 Who lend, not to encrease their Store,
 Not to oppress, but help the Poor:
 Whom sordid Bribes could ne're pervert
 From giving all Men their Desert;
 All Those that lead a Life like This
 Shall Reign in *Everlasting Bliss*.

F I N I S.

63

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THE
Two First PSALMS

Corrected and Improv'd.



I,

PSALM of DAVID.

*Comparing the different state of the Righteous and
the Wicked both in this world and the next.*

THrice happy he, that does refuse
To be by Sinners led aside,
Who ne'r their wicked way pursues,
Nor sits where men their God deride:

But still to learn and to obey
The Law Divine is his delight;
In that employs himself all day,
And reads and thinks thereon at night:

B

For

For as a Tree, that has its root

By neighb'ring Springs prolific made,
Produces fair and timely fruit,
And num'rous leaves that never fade ;

In all his ways and actions he
The like success shall always find :
Not so th' Ungodly ; they shall be
Like chaff disperst with ev'ry wind :

So that before the Judge on high
They shall not stand the dreadful test,
Nor with the Righteous shall enjoy
A place of everlasting rest ;

For still the **LORD** from Heav'n looks down,
And sees what Good and Bad Men do :
That those he with rewards may crown ;
And these to punishment may go.

PSALM

II,

PSALM of DAVID.

Triumphantly Prophetical of CHRIST's Kingdom.

WHY do the Heathen proudly rage,
And vain attempts design!

Princes and earthly Kings engage
T' oppose th' Almighty's reign:

Against the Christ, whom GOD ordains,
Their malice they direct:

Let us, say they, break off their chains,
Their servile bonds reject.

But he, that sits in Heav'n above,
Their weakness shall deride:

In rage he then will them reprove,
In wrath correct their pride:

And thus he to the world will own;

He's King by my command,
On *Sion's* holy mount his throne
In sacred strength shall stand:

And thus to Him was pleas'd to say,

As I his words declare ;

Thou art my Son, I have this day

Begotten thee my Heir :

Ask, and receive thy native right,

The Nations for thy sway ;

The distant Nations shall unite,

And thy commands obey :

But those, that do thy Laws refuse,

In pieces thou shalt break,

And with an Iron scepter bruise

Their disobedient neck.

Ye earthly Kings, the caution hear,

Ye Rulers, learn the same :

Serve *GOD* with rev'rence, and with fear

His joyful Praise proclaim :

Confess the *SON*, and own his reign,

Ere he to wrath inclines,

And, so resenting your disdain,

Confounds your vain designs:

For

(5)

For if but in the least his Foes
His anger should incense,
Happy are they, that can repose
In him their confidence.

PSALM

(5)

For if but in the least his face
His anger should incense
Happy are they that can repose
In his great love and grace

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